BROADWAY MAGAZINE

MAY 1899

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Broadway Favorites.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

MARY HALL.

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Broadway Favorites.

From a Photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

FRANKIE BAILEY.

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From a photograph by Stein, Milwaukee.

ALBERTA GALLATIN.

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Broadway Favorites.

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ETH. L. LEVEY.

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Broadway Beauties.

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ADÈLE RITCHIE.

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Broadway Beauties.

Photograph by Ye Rose Studio, Providence, R. I.

JOSIE DE WITT.

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Broadway Beauties.

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

LAURA CASE.

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Broadway Beauties.

Photograph by B. J. Falk, New York.

JULIE KINGSLEY.

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The Broadway Magazine Calendar.

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A PIECE OF BLACK VELVET AND A GIRL.

ALSO THE PHOTOGRAPHER AND A CAMERA.

(Pictures by R. L. Curran, taken expressly for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE.)

THE undoubted hit of a recent issue of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE was a front-page design in which figured the photographic likeness of a young and stunning girl, whose unusual dash and daintiness as well as general smartness of pose attracted wide attention wherever the BROADWAY MAGAZINE goes—which means every nook and hamlet of these broad United States. Many letters were received in which inquiries were made regarding the identity of the original of this photograph. Some were from lovelorn college boys, who imagined they had never seen anything quite so beautiful as this woman. One letter was from a theatrical manager, who evidently believed here was an opportunity for the exploitation of a new stage beauty. The publishers, however, were sworn to secrecy and were not able to disclose to anyone the identity of this young woman. This fact was communicated to the various correspondents, which only elicited further requests for information. This has not been forthcoming. However, in lieu of this the publishers saw the young woman and induced her to pose for another series of pictures, which are published herewith and which, it must be admitted, are quite unlike anything of the kind ever before presented in an American magazine.

One of the difficulties at the outset was the unwillingness of the young woman to pose in the studio of any of our big photograph galleries of New York. Arrangements were, therefore, made with Mr. R. L. Curran, one of New York's expert photographers, to take these pictures in his private studio, and the result shown herewith speaks volumes for the plastic art of the model as well as for the ability to bring out

She's smiling at you.

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Just the velvet and the model.

strong and striking effects by Mr. Curran.

Given then a handsome and picturesque young woman, plenty of black velvet, and a hat with plumes, and you can easily see what wonders can be accomplished by a man who thoroughly knows the possibilities of art and the camera.

Mr. Curran believes in strong, slashing effects, combined with a smart and impressive prettiness not often attained by photographers, even when they have the finest subjects. The first picture taken was the smiling head in which the model's hair is strewn in picturesque confusion over her right shoulder and left cheek. The lips are parted, the teeth gleam almost with the intensity of a calcium light, and there is in the whole tone of the picture that living, palpitant life always so fascinating. In this picture, too, is shown a boldness of outline and nearness of vision hardly to be expected from full-figure subjects.

Two other bust-pictures made at the same time, one with and one without the picture hat, are also good examples of this style of photography. The one especially of the model showing a sweep of blanched flesh from shoulder to shoulder, with some leaves nestling close to the snow-white neck, is a picture which, if drawn by an artist, would attract the intense interest and great admiration of the art critics.

Then come two pictures which portray just enough of the playful mood to make them sparkling to a degree. The one showing the model with both hands gracefully poised on hips is a study in repose. Still another, quite as attractive in its way, presents the poseuse with the same gleaming teeth which would certainly create a sensation in a dark room when the moon is masked. Those teeth most assuredly are fine and strong, and I can quite imagine a dentifrice manufacturer endeavoring wildly to have her smile for him. I might as well mention right here, by the way, that such a request would be hopeless. Our model is not obliged to do that sort of thing, and, besides, we would rather

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OUR MODEL AND HER PICTURE HAT.

Google

OUR MODEL AND HER GLEAMING TEETH.

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resent her doing anything so material as posing for the manufacturers of Tootles' Toothine or Donegan's Damp Dentifrice. However, that's quite another matter.

The last companion set of pictures makes a double panel fit to decorate the walls of any art temple. This is not said in any gloating spirit; it is not said in order to make other publishers, who have failed to discover little Miss What's-her-name, feel small and unimportant, and all that sort of thing. This statement is simply made in perfect good faith and with a knowledge that the proof is herewith pictorially flaunted.

Take the first picture, for instance, in which the model is shown with her hand daintily poised above her right shoulder. There is the very personification of ease, grace and undisturbed spirit. Just why, under any circumstances, the girl's spirit should be anything but undisturbed I do not know; I simply make the remark in passing, and with the hope that it will not lead to embarrassing international complications. The last picture of the series might almost stand for defiance, if it were not for the expression of good nature, as shown by the eyes and those ever-recurring teeth.

Note the white in her eye.

And now you know about the little black piece of velvet, and about the girl who refuses to let us publish her name. Perhaps later on we may favor you with the information; perhaps not. As "Joe" Choate remarked, when he was asked how he thought he'd get along with Victoria: "Well, it's up to her."

As for photographer Curran, I am inclined to believe that he has made a triumph. He needs no other argument than those pictures. There they are, judge for yourself; and if you find none of them that brings a thrill of satisfaction and of "glad-you're-alive" feeling to your tired soul, then indeed must you be a bird of sombre plumage. Cer-

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tainly Mr. Curran has nothing to fear from the verdict of the readers of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE, who are just the kind of right-minded people to appreciate beauty and good humor, too.

Oh, gimme the girls that smile
With an eye devoid of guile!
For a cheerful face
Has a splendid grace
That balances lack of style.

For the girl with the sparkling grin,
And the merrily dimpled chin,

Is the kind for me—
Yes, she is the she
That with man will always win

But what saith the pote? Oh, yes, the pote hath had his little chirp on the subject of the smiling girl, albeit he hath not rung in any allusion to black velvet. List:

He must have had Miss What's-her-name in mind, don't you think so?

RITCHIE FLETCHER.

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COOKS AND THE BROTH.

(An Intermittent Operetta.)

BY PERCIVAL PASH.

SCENE: *The stage of the New York Theatre, formerly the Olympia Music Hall, where various well-known librettists and opera composers have been engaged to write something that will draw. Enter, first, about twenty New York chorus girls, who break forth into*

OPENING AND SARCASTIC CHORUS.

Oh, we are a native chorus,
But we don't amount to much,
That is clear;
For the British come before us,
And their talents we can't touch—
So we hear.

Every good dramatic season
Comes a chorus from the "Strand,"
Full of feet.
We can't understand the reason,
For we're just as clever and
Just as sweet.
Oh, dear public, in the future,
When amongst the English earls
They disperse,
It is hoped that we will suit yer,
And you'll find your Yankee girls
Aren't so worse!

(*No applause. Some sob and others sniff. Movement at the wings. Enter Messrs.* STANISLAUS STANGE, LOUIS HARRISON, GLEN MACDONOUGH *and* SYDNEY ROSENFELD. *They line up in front of stage, whereupon much commotion ensues. It transpires that the stage carpenters, thinking the authors were going to sing a quartet, tried to escape from the building. Being soothed, they resume work and the authors start in.*)

SONG - AUTHORS.

Please at us take a look—
We write the book.
Whene'er you hear some fun,
We are the one.
Remember, when there's wit,
That we are "it."
No actor lines can yelp
Without our help.
We write his funny word
Or song absurd,
Inventing all his jokes
To tickle folks.
All hangs—except the score—
Upon us four.
Please at us take a look—
We write the book!

(*Great applause.*)

STANGE—Now, we'll start like "The Wedding Day." You remember——

HARRISON—No, we don't. Our memories are bad. I suggest that an idea like the one in "The Isle of Champagne" be used because——

MACDONOUGH—Bosh. The stale old comic-opera idea is being reconcentradoed to death by you fellows. You've no originality. Everlastingly the same old "hail, hail, hail" chorus and "now off we'll be o'er the deep blue sea" finale. Why don't you go to work more carefully? Look at "Kate Kip" now. There's——

HARRISON—Rats!

STANGE—Mice!

MACDONOUGH—Sirs, know ye who I am? I, sirs, am the grandson-in-law of Joseph Jefferson!

HARRISON—Then go home to your dear grandpopper-in-law.

MACDONOUGH—But I'm a newspaper man and can control notices!

HARRISON—Aw, hush. You can't control yourself.

ROSENFELD—Well, I don't care how it is. I'll be called in to tinker it up, anyway. So fight it out, if you want to. I get my share of the dough.

STANGE—It's no use scrapping. Let's try and get to work.

(*Music sounds, and enter Messrs.* REGINALD DE KOVEN, GUSTAV KERKER *and* LUDWIG ENGLANDER. *Stage carpenters eye them suspiciously.*)

SONG—COMPOSERS.

Gaze on us and adore—
We write the score!
Ours is the music grand
That beats the band.
The tenor's throaty song
That's not too long;
The sweet soprano's air
So debonair;
The pitter-patter verse
That's swift and terse;
The dreamy, creamy waltz,
Devoid of faults;
In fact, all harmonee
Comes from us three.
Gaze on us and adore—
We write the score!

(*Tumultuous applause.*)

DE KOVEN—Gentlemen, let us now evolve the divine strains for this opera or operetta or olla podrida, whatever it is. I may as well observe that I am not in the habit of collaborating with inferior musicians like you two persons, but, to oblige Mr. Lederer——

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TWISTED PROVERB.
Present events cast their shadows behind.

ENGLANDER — Chiminy, who — vat — ven—vere! De Kovens, go chase yourselluf!

DE KOVEN—Sir! Remember that I am from Chicago and put on a clean collar every morning.

ENGLANDER—Dot vos remargable in Shiccago, may pee, but in New Yorrick not egstraordinary, nit!

KERKER—Oh, hush up, both of you! You're no good. I've something better to do than waste my Casino reputation in a row with a couple of foreigners, one from Chicago and the other from Poland.

(*Enter* MR. LEDERER, *the managing director, followed by a crowd of English chorus girls. As they chatter, there fall to the ground, like a ceaseless artillery of small shot, a thousand h's, all of which the stage carpenters have to sweep up.*)

CHORUS—ENGLISH GIRLS.

Oh, we are some lydies from London!
If you want to see 'air in a bun done,
Or to 'ear h's drop,
At Olympier stop,
Where you'll see lots o' frivolous fun done!
We sing hev'ry chorus so jinglish
That it mykes hall the haudience tinglish,
And they s'y: "Ow, hi s'y!
Haint them Hinglish girls fly!"
Yuss, we're heven more fly than we're Hinglish!

LEDERER—Capital!

MISS OLDKENT ROADE—'Ullo, blokies! Ain't cher got no Hamerican hactors and hactresses?

LEDERER—Yea, fair goddess, but we shall keep them in the background while you are here.

MISS OWNSLO EETH—Look at all the Johnnies fightin' over there! (*She indicates the authors and composers, who have resumed their quarrels.*) Wotever are they 'avin' a rah abart?

LEDERER — Ask of the man in the moon. (*Suddenly*) Ah, that's a good name for the piece! Let me see. Yes; and as Sherlock Holmes hasn't anything to do with the man in the moon, we'll make the play about him, too. Hang it all, I'll give Hammerstein the idea and let him work it up—music, words and everything. The others can append their names, and if they don't like it, let them go to Hoboken. Here, everybody, sing me a finale, and let us go home. Everything's all fixed.

CHORUS.

Then off we'll be o'er the deep blue sea——

LEDERER—Great Cæsar! Can't you think of anything better than that?

CHORUS—No!

LEDERER—Then go home without a finale!

(*All do so.*)

CURTAIN.

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HELEN REDMOND.

Photograph by Sarony, N. Y.

ADÈLE RITCHIE.

Photograph by J. Schloss, N. Y.

A FEW PLEASANT THINGS

WHY WE MENTION HELEN REDMOND.

HELEN REDMOND has been very much in evidence on the Pacific Coast. She is the enterprising singer of the Frank Daniels company who turned the head of the susceptible youth of California to such an extent that she and the rest of the company—for Miss Redmond is generous as well as fetching—were able to subsist on champagne and terrapin during their engagement on the Coast. Reports have it that no woman who has gone to San Francisco in recent years has been as royally welcomed as this shapely member of the Daniels support. When Miss Redmond was in New York it cannot be said that she raised a hurricane of enthusiasm, although she was not coldly received. She is a sprightly, pretty woman, who makes an especially striking appearance in tights or abbreviated skirts, and can sing better than the average comic-opera sprite. New York treated her kindly, said pleasant things about her, and allowed her to go on the road without getting an attack of nervous prostration. It took San Francisco, however, to discover all her latent charm and beauty. She was wined, dined and fêted as no woman had ever been in that city, which is unusually susceptible to the blandishments of women on the stage. As we have intimated, Miss Redmond very handsomely shared all the good things (we use this expression in its literal sense) with the less fortunate members of the company, and thus it is that she attained a popularity in her own ranks which rarely falls to the share of the successful breaker of men's hearts. While Miss Redmond was playing in Los Angeles, a San Francisco paper came out with a sensational story to the effect that a young banker of that town had become so madly infatuated with Miss Redmond that he had thrown discretion to the winds, closed up his office temporarily, and shadowed the fair woman with all the energy and patience of a sleuth. Miss Redmond is said to have been so displeased at this that she ordered his arrest in Los Angeles, and this is the only thing that made the young fool go home and continue to work out his forlorn existence without her. Whether this is true or not, cannot be vouched for here. At any rate, Miss Redmond is still leading an existence of single blessedness and has not shown any rash desire to become a Mrs. Anybody at any time.

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ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW.

WHY WE MENTION ADÈLE RITCHIE.

WHENEVER Adèle Ritchie has a picture taken, that fact is important, for the simple reason that Miss Ritchie never sits for a picture that hasn't some point of decided interest about it. In the first place, she is a dainty, fluffy little woman with all the grace and frou-frou and swishiness of a Frenchwoman, the sunlight blondness of an English girl, the vivacity of an American, and at times the demureness of a Philadelphian. These characteristics, nicely grouped and photographed with an artistic touch as well as an unerring fidelity, are bound to insure a picture worthy of attracting the attention of the most blasé. Some time ago Miss Ritchie appeared in "A Runaway Girl" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and was more successful in the rôle she essayed than the woman who had formerly played the same part. It was expected that she would go on the road with the Daly company, but at the last moment she decided to stay in New York, and now it is rumored that she will soon be seen or heard in a Broadway production in which daintiness as well as voice are requisite. It is rarely that a woman of Miss Ritchie's prettiness has also a voice worth hearing. It is therefore refreshing when this combination presents itself in such a glorious measure. You will say that this is rather flattering, especially for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE, which does not usually go out of its way to please people. It is this very reputation for truth, pleasant or otherwise, that will induce our readers to accept this criticism with some degree of serious contemplation.

AND STILL ADÈLE RITCHIE.

Photograph by Sarony, N. Y.

WHY WE MENTION FLORENCE THORNTON.

BECAUSE she's pretty—and modest.

Because she's clever—and never says so.

Because she's young—and never says nasty things about the age of other girls.

Because she takes a good picture and isn't photographed every day in the week.

Because she's a stage manager's wife—and has never been known to take advantage of that fact.

Because she's Mrs. Ben Teal—but is still Florence Thornton.

Because she's going to make a hit.

FLORENCE THORNTON.

Photograph by Guilbert Bros., N. Y.

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Photograph by Thors, San Francisco.

NELLIE HAWTHORNE, WHO MADE A HIT RECENTLY AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE, NEW YORK.

Miss Hawthorne appeared in "By the Sad Sea Waves," and New York seemed to like her as well as it liked the show, and New York will tell you how much that was.

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JUST A FEW ROASTS

Of People I Don't Like. Why I Don't Like Them.

BY HOFFMAN AULIC.

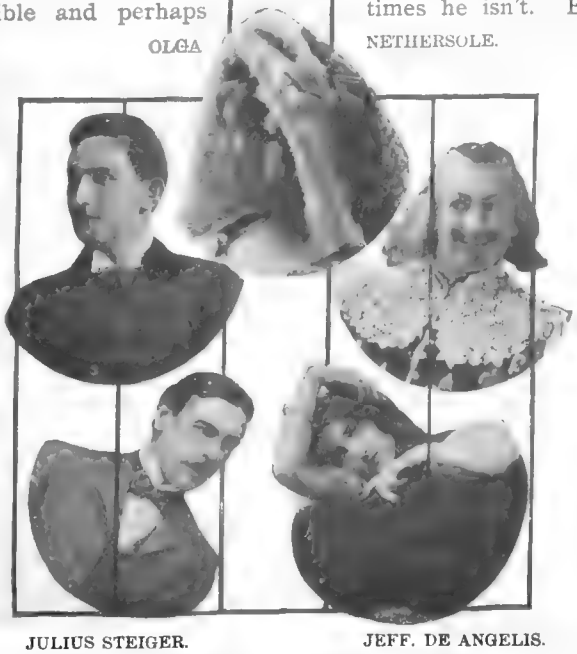
I DON'T like Julius Steiger because he can't act but thinks he can. Of course the mere fact that nature has not intended him for an actor does not make him a criminal, but it should prevent him from posing at any and every opportunity. God has given Julius Steiger a nice, well-modulated, tuneful voice; so far, so good; but no farther. He is called upon to sing rôles that require some dramatic instinct, and he has this quality in the same proportion that New Jersey mud resembles a snowbank. You've heard him sing, of course. Can you conceive of anything more brutally atrocious than his attempt to portray the passions of the human race? I can't. He is simply impossible and perhaps the poor devil can't help it. It's pretty hard on the public, though. If Mr. Steiger would only consent to sing behind a screen, all Broadway would send up a psalm of praise, beside which the caterwaulings of the Salvation Army are mere airy whisperings.

I AM told by members of Henry Miller's company that this actor is becoming almost impossible. He is said to be so irritable that his conduct is unbearable to some of his associates, and one actor who recently left his company, makes the open avowal that he left simply because of the manner in which Miller speaks to the women in his cast. This rather surprised me for the reason that Mr. Miller has always been associated with the polite drama and has been looked upon as a man of the finer susceptibilities. But there's the story as I heard it.

OLGA NETHERSOLE is also said to be impossible. She is the star of her company and she never for a moment allows anyone to forget this fact. She is as captious as a weather-vane, and when people don't accept her as a genius—they didn't during her recent New York engagement, you know—her temper is not as sweet as the breath of May.

JEFF. DE ANGELIS is at times very funny on the stage; at times he isn't. But as he has made a good-sized hit in "The Jolly Musketeer," these individual opinions really haven't much weight. I do contend, however, that Mr. De Angelis can be a comedian without smiling before the camera at all hours of the night and day, and having the walls of every city he visits placarded with a smile that is supposed to be horribly insinuating, but isn't.

OLGA NETHERSOLE.



JULIUS STEIGER. HENRY MILLER.

JEFF. DE ANGELIS. MIRIAM NESBITT.

MIRIAM NESBITT has been appearing in Sydney Rosenfeld's adaptation of "The White Horse Tavern," and has not made the biggest kind of a hit, although she played a rôle that seemed to offer the very best opportunities.

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Photograph by Gay, Fall River.

THE LATEST PICTURE OF MISS IMOGENE COMER, THE REMARKABLE AMERICAN CONTRALTO.

Miss Comer, who is undoubtedly the greatest dramatic singer on the American stage to-day, has just received an especially flattering offer from a London music-hall. If she decides to accept it, she will probably make a tour of the Continent while on the other side.

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A COUPLE OF PARISIAN SISTERS.

PARIS, March 20, 1899.

HERE are two women that would raise blazes in a Methodist camp-meeting. They call themselves "sisters." Heaven only knows whether they are or not. Paris is not sure of anything in regard to them beyond the fact that they call themselves the Farnier Sisters and came to Paris early last autumn and have remained ever since. They are stunners in a brazen sort of way. It had evidently been their intention, when they arrived in Paris, to startle the town by appearing at one of the music halls. This is apparent from the statement made by Losier, a theatrical agent, who claims that they appealed to him for his influence in securing them positions, but without avail, as they were utterly without experience. Subsequent to this they made the acquaintance of a rich Paris banker, who became enamored of Louise, the younger and more sprightly of the two. It is said that he made her a proffer of marriage, and it is believed that sooner or later she will become his wife. In the meantime he has set them up in a magnificent establishment where the conventions are observed in the most rigorously decorous manner. The banker, whose name is a tower of strength on the Bourse, has engaged a stately chaperon, with a tender regard for the proprieties, and whenever he takes dinner with his inamorata, he does so with one person in full view. No sooner were these two enterprising sisters safely ensconced in their new home than they proceeded to startle Paris by the gorgeousness of their turnouts, the Oriental magnificence of their gowns, and the glorious splendor of their dinners In addition to this they spent money in voluminous wads at the various photographers, and it is said that at Reutlinger's they spent a small fortune before the seductive camera. These pictures are now all over Paris and show the Farniers in various attitudes of repose. I send one of the most striking herewith This picture has just made its appearance in a Parisian weekly and is generally considered to be a pretty good thing; that is why I send it to the BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

THE MLLES. FARNIER,
about whom all Paris is talking.

I believe that Monsieur Le Banker has taken out an insurance policy of 500,000 francs in favor of Louise Farnier. His family is furious about the whole affair and threatens to cut him forever if he persists in his matrimonial venture.

BARTON FRENCH.

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IN THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE OFFICE.

BY INKPOT HARRY.

(TIME: *A little before noon. The* OFFICE BOY *is alone, the editor and typewriters having gone out to eat, drink and flirt. He yawns.*)

OFFICE BOY—Aw, dis editorial life is a-killin' me. I wouldn't mind it so much if I cud sit down at de desk, same as de editor, an' just write t'ings fer de pape—'cos dat's a graft—but dis here business er waitin' on peop, an' askin' wot's der matter wid 'em, is woik, jist plain woik. Ah, here's a guy now.

(*Enter* YOUNG MAN *with the words College Boy written all over his beardless face. He is slightly embarrassed.*)

YOUNG MAN—Is this the office of the MAGAZINE, boy?

OFFICE BOY—Soytenly. Did yer t'ink it wuz the office ov der Young Man's Christian Come-on, fair sir?

YOUNG MAN (*haughtily*)—I suppose you take subscriptions here?

OFFICE BOY—Do we take *subscripshums?* Do we *take* subscripshums? Say, young feller, are we livin'?

YOUNG MAN—Well, I would like to subscribe for ten years.

OFFICE BOY (*with forced calmness*)—Don't cher t'ink yer might make it twenty, while yer here?

YOUNG MAN—No, ten will do. But there's another matter I wanted to speak about. (*Very embarrassed.*) I would like the editor—that is, will he—can he—I mean—if——

OFFICE BOY (*kindly*)—Dat's all right. You kin untangle yourself, Alphonse. We'll put her in.

YOUNG MAN—Er—what do you mean? You don't understand. What I want is—er——

OFFICE BOY—Bless yer little heart, we have a hundred like youse every day. Oh, yes, we'll put a pitcher uv Edna Wallace Hopper in de Mag. next mont'. If we wuz ter do it, dough, every time we wuz ast ter, we'd have ter call it de Edna Wallace Hopper Maggerzeen, 'stead uv der BROADWAY, but seein' it's youse and yer subscriped fer ten years, why, dat's diff, see?

(*Gives receipt for money to* YOUNG MAN, *who departs bewildered, and on way out passes three young* SCHOOLGIRLS *who enter office timidly.*)

OFFICE BOY—Ah, bewtchus vishun!

FIRST SCHOOLGIRL—This is the office of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE, isn't it?

OFFICE BOY (*bowing low*)—An' de goils guessed right de very foist time, de very foist—well, ladies, how goes it?

SECOND SCHOOLGIRL (*giggling*)—Why, some of the girls dared us to come here, and made a bet that we wouldn't.

OFFICE BOY—Oh, made a bet, did cher? Gimme de stakes, ladies; (*passionately*) oh, gimme——

THIRD SCHOOLGIRL (*indignantly*)—Look here, you little boy, if you don't stop being so fresh I'll just give you a good slap; so there.

OFFICE BOY (*gasping*)—A *what*, miss?

FIRST SCHOOLGIRL—A slap, and I'll give you another. Let's go away, girls. We won our bet, and we haven't anything more to say to this little boy. (*Exeunt, contemptuously.*)

OFFICE BOY (*dreamily*)—She called me a little boy—a lit-tle boy. Am I awake or am I? Hully gee, wot's de biz a-comin' ter when a newspaper man is called a little boy? Well, it wasn't money that went away, so I ain't got nutten' on me conscience. (*Noise heard in corridor.*) Hullo, who's dis shellin' his way inter de enemy's camp?

(*Enters suddenly a red-faced little* CITIZEN *with an unter-dem-linden accent, shaking his fist violently at the atmosphere.*)

CITIZEN—Vere's der editor?

OFFICE BOY—Vell, sir, he ain't ingesprachts jist now, but prehaps I'll do for de present.

A new theatrical poster by Jan Van Beers, the celebrated European artist. To be used for a big Parisian burlesque production.

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CITIZEN (*glaring*)—Ah, maype. Vell, I vant ter whip horse der editor.

OFFICE BOY (*politely*)—Oh, den I guess I won't do. You'd better wait. Wot's de trouble, if it ain't a family matter?

CITIZEN (*spluttering*)—Der editor pud—he pud—he——

OFFICE BOY—Oh, he's a pud, an' no dream, dat's a fact.

CITIZEN—I say he pud a pigcher in der BROADWAY MAGAZINE oof mein vife, und he neglegit ter say she vas der finest agtress in humanity.

OFFICE BOY—Youse don't say so!

CITIZEN—Ah, so! Der editor write only she vas putty goot. Why, she vas der mostest, greadest, grandest agtress und ardist in der face of der vorldt!

OFFICE BOY—So dat's what's de matter, is it?

CITIZEN—Yes, is it. (*With great resolution.*) I whip horse der editor for neglegit.

OFFICE BOY—Well, I t'ink you'd bettor neglec' ter whip horse de editor. He makes about t'ree of youse, an' if he ain't had no lunch when he come in, he's likely to use youse for de meal.

CITIZEN (*paling*)—Oh, den he vas larch—gross, ain't it?

OFFICE BOY (*convincingly*)—Gross? Well, I shud titter! Why, he's a reg'lar grocer!

CITIZEN (*peacefully*)—Vell, maype I gall again some udder time.

OFFICE BOY (*cordially*)—Vell, so long, pumpernickel!

(*Reaches out for his lunch as red-faced* CITIZEN *departs, and scene closes in.*)

MY MAY QUEEN.

Whenever I want a tender kiss or rapturous embrace,
I always ask permission first, because I know my place;
I humbly ask her "May I?" and "You may!" she then will say—
And she says it with such kindness that I call her Queen of May!

C. C.

PROOF OF IT.

MILLIONAIRE'S WIFE—I don't believe that our son-in-law has any business ability.

MILLIONAIRE—Business ability? Huh! he married our only daughter, didn't he?

EARNINGS.

"Our little Jim earned every penny of the money in his safe."

"How did he do it."

"Having teeth pulled."

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FOUR NEW ONES BY SCHLOSS.

PICTURES OF VASHTI EARL, MARION LEIGHTON, SANDOL MILLIKEN AND MERRI OSBORNE.

NEW beauties are always in the public eye. Some time ago the BROADWAY MAGAZINE published some exclusive pictures of Vashti Earl, who is one of the latest women to attract the attention of lovers of charming femininity. The picture presented herewith is another new one, and not the least attractive of this very unusual girl. Vashti Earl is such a queer combination of the Orient and the

Occident that the name alone would attract considerable attention even if its bearer were not a girl who has been hailed by the theatrical fraternity as a woman of more than ordinarily fine physical attributes. Miss Earl is not famous yet. In fact, if it were not for her good looks, she would probably never have attained the fame of having her pictures published in the BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

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Marion Leighton is another girl who can lay claim to considerable physical perfection. She has more reputation as an actress than Miss Earl, although she has not as yet set fire to even a small area of any flowing river. Miss Leighton is fond of being photographed with her hair, which is not golden, hanging down her back, and a soulful expression on her plastic features. Miss Leighton may not like to have her features referred to by the expression plastic, but we can assure

her that plastic is highly complimentary. In fact, if anybody wants to insult us let him say we're not plastic. But, apart from that, it is easy to see that Mr. Schloss thought her soulfulness was O. K., because he brought it out so well in the picture.

And, third, we have Sandol Milliken, "the girl with the beautiful shoulders." They are beautiful, if you are willing to take the left one as a sample of both. Miss Milliken is a professional, of course, although why we say "of course" is not quite plain, for even women who have never seen the stage possess shoulders

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quite worth looking at. The finger that Miss Milliken is pointing at herself is not the finger of scorn. We make this explanation so that there can be no misunderstanding in the matter, because there are really quite a number of foolish people in the world—though none so foolish as not to do reverence to those Milliken shoulders. If it weren't for the fact that the seventy-eight chained poets we usually keep on the premises are working elsewhere to-day at a scanning

factory, we would ask some of them to lash out some of their poetry on the Milliken shoulders, but as it is—well, never mind.

And now -- Merri Osborne, the last, but most important of the quartet. Miss Osborne has gone to London to join George Lederer's "Belle of New York" company. Miss Osborne is a picturesque young woman who has more than once startled the New York public by her disregard of ordinary stage dressing. With the ingenuity of an experienced modiste she has from time to time, during her connection with American theatricals, evolved costumes that rather made the public gasp by the candor of their revelations. Miss Osborne, however, has not

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relied upon this ulterior method of attracting attention. She is a brisk little comedienne and should make a hit with English theatre-goers. It is said, by the way, that Miss Osborne may on her return to the United States become the central figure in a musical comedy which is to be fashioned to her personality. The backer, so rumor continueth, has plenty of money, and is not afraid of singeing his fingers. No doubt the English will say, when they see Miss Osborne: "Merri by

name, and Merri by nature, ain't she?" and then think they've made a splendid joke. However, we can't be so cruel as to leave Merri to the horrible fate of being tortured to death by English jokes. Stay tew hum, Merri. That's right.

There you are, then, with four young women and something about each of them—just enough about them to want to know more, don't you know; but not enough to make them cry "Oh, ain't that editor just too terrible for any living use!" We wouldn't like to hear that said about us. It would mortify us to death, for we are very sensitive! Just think, for instance, of having the cold Milliken shoulder turned towards you! The idea is too awful.

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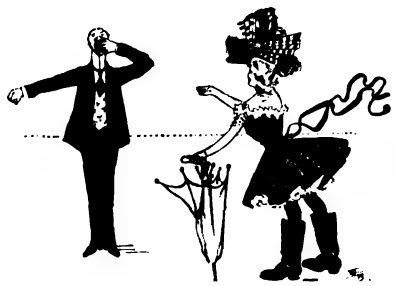
· FOXIE · KEENE ·
INTERVIEWS
THE · RED · SOUBRETTE

SA-AY, maybe I didn't get hit hard when the editor of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE told me to interview Foxie Keene. Foxie, you know, has decided to go to work down in Wall Street.

Well, anyhow, I went to Westbury, L. I., to find Foxie. Don't make any mistake; I went down there because I had to. Westbury is a nice place—I don't think. I left my magnificently furnished apartments about five A. M. and got to Foxie's house in Westbury about eight, and just in time to catch the butler yawning at the front door. It was a little muddy, so I had to wipe my boots on one of the tapestries in the main guy of a hall. The butler didn't like it, but he kept right on yawning just the same.



"In time to see the butler yawn."

"I want to see Foxie," says I.

"Cawn't," says he, "'e's takin' 'is bloomin' bawth."

"Well, I don't want to—just now," says I, "but you tell him that the Red Soubrette's going to spend the day with him."

"I'll tell 'im," says he, "but I don't think 'e'll—"

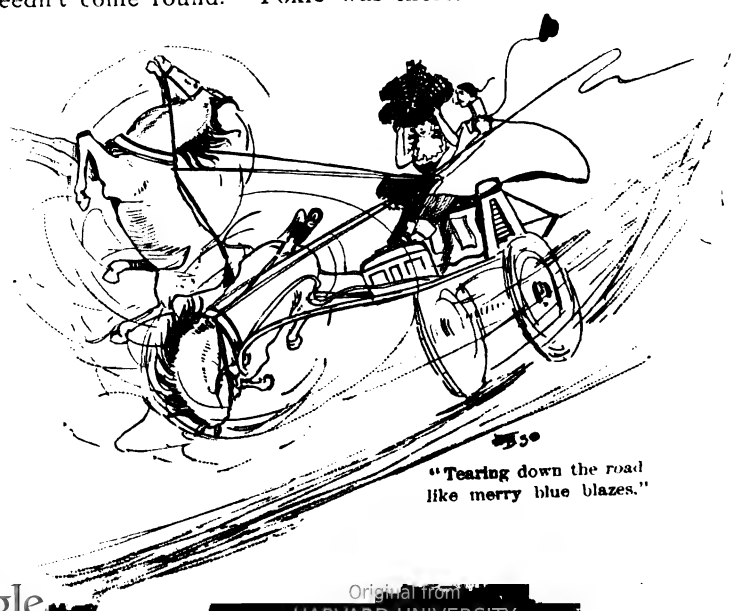
"Stop thinking, you sassy thing," says I, slapping him on his yawn; "tell him! Sneak!"

Foxie and me.

I filled up the next half hour in dallying with some coffee and rolls and broiled peacocks a maid put on the table in the next room. Then the canary sang, the cuckoo in the eight-day clock whistled "If yer ain't got no money yer needn't come round." Foxie was there. His trousers were turned up so high that they interfered with his knee-action, and his coat was a cross between the mainsail of a schooner and Professor Tirarum's balloon.

"Glad to see you, Sou," says he, as he picked a golf-stick out of the umbrella stand. "Come on; we've only got six minutes for a twelve-minute trip to the station."

Then we rushed down into a high cart that was standing in front of the piazza, and in a whiff were tearing down that road like merry blue



"Tearing down the road like merry blue blazes."

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blazes. Sa-ay, I've seen Gleason and his trained horses, but they couldn't touch Foxie and his pair. Before we got to the station I didn't know whether we were driving two horses or a herd of wild buffaloes, but we got to the train all right. We reached New York and jumped into a hansom and were down at Foxie's Wall Street office before I could tell him the story of my life. Foxie may wear high collars, but, let me tell you, he knows how many cents there are in a dollar. Well, sa-ay, he didn't do a thing but pull them in through the ticker, the telephone, the speaking tube and a lot of messenger boys, who disturbed him by handing him checks. I'd rather be a broker any day than a soubrette.

Foxie at work in Wall Street.

"Foxie," says I, running my hands through the checks, "aren't you afraid of getting dyspepsia?"

"Sou," says he, "these don't amount to anything. Still," and he looked almost pleased, "I guess I've got just enough to pay my boutonnière bill. If you stay here long enough I'll give you a story on 'How to Make Money Though Wealthy,' and I'll let you help carry these few trifles around to the receiving teller."

Foxie and I go to the bank.

After Foxie had receipted for a few paltry hundreds of thousands, he glanced at his watch.

"I'm too tired to make any more money," says he. "Let's go around to the bank with our loads." (Don't get nasty now; we were as sober as you are.) When we got there, the receiving teller looked disappointed.

"Is that all to-day?" says he.

"Oh, yes, I'm not up to it, old chap," says Foxie. "I'll go you some better to-morrow."

Three o'clock found Foxie and me at an afternoon reception in a studio at Fifty-ninth Street. Foxie was the real thing there. I sat next to an old dame who wore glasses and almost went into hysterics when Foxie handed her a dash of oolong.

"Ain't he perfectly grand?" says she, showing all the gold filling in her face, and I said he was, of course.

"Come on, Sou," says he after a while, "I'll take you to dinner, but I must dress first, so I've ordered my traveling boudoir, and it's down-stairs now."

When we reached the sidewalk I saw a horseless carriage with drawn blinds. "That's it," says Foxie. "You can go up on top with the driver while I do my quick change." Then he disappeared, and we were soon bowling along towards the Waldorf.

Gee, but he's a thoroughbred. Honest, we had all the delicacies of the season, including roast Eagans and purée of Alger. Foxie kind of got

"When Foxie handed her a dash of oolong."

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Foxie making his quick change.

sore because I could only eat eighteen dollars' worth; but I fixed it all right by taking the balance in cash. When it was all over he gave the waiter some money. "Here's twenty for you," says he. "If you'd been any good I wouldn't be so mean." (I wonder why the waiter didn't seem at all angry and called me "Mrs. Vanderbilt" when he put on my cloak.)

"Sou," says Foxie, "never be small, cheap or mean. It doesn't pay. I'd rather give one good tip to one man than a dozen mean ones to a dozen. The one would be glad and the dozen would try to steal your shirt studs." I wonder if Foxie wasn't pretty nearly right?

"Well," says my host, after I had made the mistake of pouring out a glass of tomato catsup instead of champagne, "I guess it's time to go." (He didn't think it was time until that little catsup episode.) "I've got to meet at the club a little girl named Kittie Polka."

"Oh, yes, I know her," says I, "she's a niece of Auntie Edge." But he didn't smile, and I don't blame him. It was the worst ever. So we sauntered down Fifth avenue towards the Empire Club, and on the way three tramps, two beggars and a couple of dudes stopped to borrow from Foxie. He gave to the tramps and the beggars, but with tears in his eyes told the dudes to go chase themselves. I left him at his club after a tearful parting. "Hope you've enjoyed yourself, Sou," says Foxie. "Come down to the office some day, and I'll introduce you to father. He's just a little bit better than the best. So long!"

I don't know very much about Foxie's popper, but Foxie is O. K., IT, and all right.

THE RED SOUBRETTE.

Foxie gives the waiter a twenty-dollar bill—and heart disease.

And then we parted.

"Foxie" really looks like this. R. S.

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The Divorce that Failed

BY A. H. HUMMEL.

This romantic story from real life has never been made public. The hearing, like many another case, was behind the closed door of a Referee's office, and the papers, which were sealed by order of the Court, have been accumulating dust in the musty vaults in the County Clerk's office for several years. The real names of the principals are not, for obvious reasons, used in this narrative.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. PITNEY.

From a photograph by Falk, New York.

A. H. HUMMEL.

IT was at the close of a busy day several years ago that I, with a sigh of relief, was just in the act of closing behind me the outer door of my office, when I saw a well-equipped brougham, drawn by a dashing pair of horses, brought to a sudden stop immediately in front of my office. A footman opened the door of the brougham, and I saw a fashionably attired young woman step out. I noticed at a glance that she was beautiful. Her face, which was flushed with excitement, was made even more attractive by a pair of lustrous brown eyes that told of heart and soul. When she reached me, this woman, whom I had already recognized as a once well-known stage beauty who had married Robert Grenville, a man who, though still young, was a power in Wall Street, exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Hummel! I am so glad I got here before you left."

I had not the heart to tell her my office hours were over for that day, and escorted her to my private office. Between her sobs, Mrs. Grenville told me that the man who had but two years before stood with her at the altar of a fashionable church, and, in the presence of many of the members of the exclusive social world, promised to love and cherish her until death did them part, had made her the defendant in a suit for an absolute divorce. She handed me the summons and a copy of the complaint, which had just been served on her, and while she sobbed as only a heart-broken woman can, I hastily glanced at the allegations in the complaint. I found that she was charged with wrong-doing with a man whose name was unknown. When I looked up from the papers, I observed that my fair client had laid her head on her arms, which were resting on the table at which we were seated. Her slender form quivered with emotion, and I could not help but wonder whether her anguish was that of a guilty woman or the sorrow of a pure wife wrongfully accused by a man she loved, and who had once loved her enough to make her his wife. While these thoughts were passing rapidly through my mind, the woman raised her head, and as I gazed at that beautiful, tear-stained face, I was convinced that she was a victim, not a culprit. With an effort to be calm, she exclaimed: "I am innocent. My husband is madly infatuated with another woman. He has great wealth and much influence. I was once an actress, and you know that although there are many noble women on the stage, people are only too willing to believe evil of an actress." With a sad smile, she said: "I have come to you as my counsel. Save me—save my reputation, I beg of you. I value that more than my life."

I assured the almost frantic woman that I would do all in my power for her. I told her that the Court would protect her, and, leaving the case in my hands, she re-entered her brougham and was driven away.

I will not go into the details of my preparation of the defence. Suffice it to say that I learned that the principal

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witnesses for the plaintiff would be a certain private detective and two of his associates. Anxious to save my fair client from the ordeal of a public trial, I secured an order of Court sending the case to a Referee.

* * * * * * *

When the case came up for trial before the Referee, I appeared in behalf of the wife. She was dressed entirely in black, which but enhanced her refined beauty. She was thinner and paler than when I first heard her story and promised, if possible, to save her. The dark lines under her eyes and the convulsive twitching of her lips told eloquently of nights of sleepless anguish. I felt certain, as I saw her noble effort to control herself, that she was innocent and hoped that the plan I had prepared for the defense would be successful. While I was convinced that the woman was the victim of a foul plot, it was another matter to prove by competent testimony that I was right. Of the preliminaries of the hearing before the Referee I will say nothing, and will only give a few important extracts from the testimony adduced. As I had anticipated, the other side relied on the testimony of one Thomas Dalrymple, who was at that time the chief of a so-called private detective agency. The witness was a young fellow of about twenty-four years of age, was a fluent, persuasive talker, and told his story in a plausible way. I had never listened to a witness who, on his direct examination, told such a good story. His memory for details—those little details which are so convincing—was wonderfully accurate. He told how he had been employed by Mr. Grenville to shadow my beautiful client. He testified that on many occasions he had followed her. Sometimes she, according to his story, merely went shopping—then, again, she called on ladies in her social set. To illustrate how careful he was about details he repeated a story about violets. Mrs. Grenville was known to be passionately fond of that species of flower. The witness, continuing his testimony, said: "On several occasions I saw Mrs. Grenville enter her carriage. She was taken to Stuyvesant Square. I followed her in a cab and noticed that, if she exposed a large bunch of violets at one of the windows of her carriage, a young man, a regular tip-top swell, who had been seated near the entrance to the park, would hasten to a near-by carriage, enter it, and drive to the side entrance of a small confectionery store. When I had watched this little game for a while, I soon discovered that the defendant would leave her carriage, telling the driver that she was going to walk home after taking a glass of soda. She would enter the front door of the little store, and, after seeing that her own private coachman had obeyed her instructions, would dash out of the side door and spring into the waiting carriage. The carriage would then be driven at a rapid pace to a certain hotel near Union Square, where both entered and remained until nightfall."

The hearing before the referee.

The witness told of one occasion when he saw the violets and followed the pair to the hotel. He said they were registered as Ralph Moore and wife. After waiting for about fifteen minutes, the witness said he and two of his men went to the room to which the couple had been assigned and knocked on the door, but were refused admission. He said he forced the door and saw Mrs. Grenville in a dress, the description of which tallied with one bought by the husband for his wife in Paris, and the young man in scanty attire.

"This is infamous!" hotly exclaimed my fair client, as she sprang to her feet, pointing her index-finger dramatically at the witness. I persuaded her to keep quiet, and, half fainting, she fell back into a chair beside me, while her husband, with a triumphant smile on his face, looked at her without any sign of sorrow or pity. The expression on his face convinced me that my client was innocent, for an honest man under such

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circumstances could not but have felt some sympathy for the woman he had once loved, even though she had sinned.

As the detective told, with a well-assumed show of reluctance which only made his testimony all the more convincing, of the scene he said he witnessed in that hotel room, I had difficulty in controlling my outraged client and my own feelings, for I felt morally certain that the man's story was a pure invention and that he was lying in every detail. As she heard him, my client whispered to me, "They will prove me guilty in spite of you, but I am innocent."

I calmed her as best I could, but felt that the witness' story was convincing the Referee of the woman's guilt. When the detective had concluded his foul story, I very carefully cross-examined him in my mildest manner, momentarily expecting to confront him with a witness whom I had requested to be present and to respond to my call. I sought to lay a trap for the artful witness before showing my hand.

"When did you leave England?" I asked the man in a quiet manner, and with my most conciliatory smile.

"Oh, when I was about ten years old," he replied, cheerfully.

"When did you leave England?" I asked the man.

"I know you are a clever detective, but I must ask you how much experience you have had—just for form's sake, you know"—adding, "I may have occasion to employ you some day myself."

"I have been in business in this city for about eight years," he replied with a grin.

"A reliable firm is yours, I imagine."

"Oh, yes."

In this way I led him on for a time, and then suddenly asked him, "Were you ever arrested?" I noticed his face turn pale, then flush and become pale again, as he exclaimed: "Never, sir. I demand protection from such insults," exclaimed the fellow, turning to the Referee, "and would like a word with you in private."

"Say what you have to say here," retorted the Referee, and I added, "he will have more particulars than he wishes very soon. So will innocent women be protected from such rascals as he." With these words, I called a witness from the outer room.

A quiet-looking chap, of athletic build, entered the room and came to my side.

"Look at this man," I said to the now trembling witness, "and tell me if you ever saw him before."

"I don't remember," the witness feebly stammered.

"Is that as true as anything else you have told here today?"

"Yes—yes," faltered the detective, a perfect picture of abject misery, as he writhed in the witness chair.

"Do your duty," I said to the quiet-looking man. He stepped forward, laid his hand on the shoulder of the witness, and said: "You are my prisoner. You may not remember, but I arrested you for 'hotel work'* and you couldn't keep your parole. Now, you'll have to finish your unserved time."†

As he heard the handcuffs click on his wrists, the man broke down and confessed. He said that he had written a letter to the banker, telling him of his wife's perfidy and offering to follow my client When first employed, he honestly tried to discover her in some wrong-doing, but without success. He knew if he reported truthfully his occupation would be gone, so he returned false reports to the husband, who paid him well, and promised a large sum for absolute proof of infidelity. The scoundrel then induced one of my client's maids to wear one of Mrs,

* Police term for sneak-thieving from hotel guests' rooms.
† An expression used by prison officials denoting term of sentence.

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Grenville's gowns and lured her to a hotel bedroom on a pretext, she little knowing the part she was to play to incriminate her mistress. Other private detectives were ready to corroborate the story of the trapping of the wife, and the hotel register would have been produced to verify their story. On this particular day Mrs. Grenville would probably not have been able to prove that she was not at the hotel, and thus every link in the chain against her seemed complete. The unexpected exposure of the plot, and the referee's speedy dismissal of the proceedings, threw the obloquy on the husband and saved a good wife. She was vindicated, and so fully, that no one showed more demonstration in public championship of her virtue and execration of the detestable conspiracy than the husband, who, a few minutes before, actually believed her guilty. As I led her back to her carriage, she looked at me with a smile on her tear-stained face and said, "Oh, thank you, Mr. Hummel. You have saved me. How can I ever repay you?" Those few words were better than the best fee I ever received.

"You have saved me. How can I ever repay you?"

There is but little to add. The fellow, who under the cover of a private detective agency had sown the seeds of discord in other homes, was taken to prison to serve an unexpired sentence.

Mr. Grenville, overcome by remorse, renounced affiliations which, to say the least, would have justified a suit on strictly lawful grounds. He returned to his wife chastened, and, like many of his kind, is now of the firm belief that the spying methods of this species of private detective should not be admitted as evidence in divorce suits.

THE RETURN OF MINNIE PALMER.

(PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIS LONDON)

Minnie Palmer as a real actress.

Minnie Palmer's advent into American vaudeville was important, in so far as it brought back to us an actress who for years occupied a prominent place in native theatricals and then was almost lost sight of for a long time. Miss Palmer—minus "Yours Merrily" Rogers—looks almost as youthful as she did in the days when she was a prime favorite over here. Her years in England and Australia did not change her much. Her re-entrée under F. F. Proctor's management was made an event in Spring amusement circles. Miss Palmer has not decided whether or not she shall return to America after she fills her engagements on the other side. Her decision will probably rest on her reception throughout the country, which will probably be cordial.

Minnie Palmer as a soubrette.

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STILL ANOTHER PICTURE OF HELOISE TITCOMB.

This picture, which is one of the most striking English camera productions of the past, was sent especially to the BROADWAY MAGAZINE by W. & D. Downey of London.

MAKING IT ALL RIGHT.

PARKER—Who was that ruffianly-looking fellow I saw with you to-day, Hicks?

HICKS—Be careful, Parker! That man was my twin brother.

PARKER—By Jove! Forgive me, old man, I ought to have known.

THE CONSEQUENCE.

TIPP—The bicycle school started with a good attendance.

TOPP—Which fell off, I suppose?

GENERALLY TRUE.

WATTS—One half the world does not know how the other half lives.

POTTS—Nor cares a darn, anyway.

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IS DELLA FOX DANGEROUSLY ILL?

IT is commonly whispered in theatrical circles at the present time that Della Fox is a very sick woman and keeps up under the strain of physical infirmities only because of her will-power and the fact that she does not want to throw the members of her company out of an engagement, or her manager, Nat Roth, who is also a brother-in-law, out of an attraction.

When Miss Fox played in "The Little Host" at the Herald Square Theatre some months ago, she looked very bad indeed. It was feared that she would be obliged to succumb and close the theatre. She managed to pull through the engagement, however, but was in very poor shape when she went on the road.

A member of the company said the other day to a BROADWAY MAGAZINE representative, "I would not be surprised to hear of the collapse of Miss Fox at any time. She is sicker than the public knows anything about. In fact, things have come to such a pass that I have begun to look about for an engagement for next season, although we thought last winter that "The Little Host" would run for a couple of years. Miss Fox looks wretched. Naturally, she is a very plump woman, you know, and yet at times she has looked so thin as to create considerable comment on the road. Some of the newspapers made the remark that she looked almost as girlish as when she first appeared with De Wolf Hopper. This is unnatural, however, for when Miss Fox is in good health she is plump. It seems really too bad, because she is an awfully popular little woman on the road, and with the right attraction should always be able to make money. However, take my word for it, she's sicker than even her friends know."

This will be sad news to Miss Fox's admirers throughout the country. For years she has been the best-known comic-opera soubrette in the country. From an apprenticeship in a small traveling company out West to the principal female rôle with De Wolf Hopper, has made her one of the most popular little women on the American stage. It will be remembered that two years ago she played with Lillian Russell and De Angelis in the "Three Star Combination."

The photographs on this page show Miss Fox in some of her great successes, especially in "The Merry Monarch," "The Wedding Day" and "The Little Host." The pictures were taken by Schloss and Sarony of New York, Morrison of Chicago, and Baker of Columbus, Ohio.

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SOME BROADWAY HEART-BREAKERS.

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY
SARONY, SCHLOSS, DANA, ROCKWOOD AND FALK.

HERE they are in all their glory, each an entity unto himself, and each mounted on a pedestal from which he may view the admiring faces of the upturned devotees.

CHARLES J. RICHMAN is Daly's leading man. He is tall and athletic looking with a fine deep voice, and, while he occupies the position once held by John Drew, he is as unlike that actor as any one could possibly be.

CHARLES J. RICHMAN

ROBERT DROUET, of the Murray Hill Theatre Stock Company, has been called by some one of the New York press "the handsomest leading man of America." That may be all very true, but his right will not be allowed without considerable acrimonious argument on the part of the admirers of other matinée heroes. Mr. Drouet is a fine, husky sort of an actor and very impressive in heroics. He is not very well-known in New York, but that does not affect his physical beauty to any great extent. As leading man at the Murray Hill he has played all kinds of heroes and has become an undoubted favorite at East Side theatres.

ROBERT DROUET.

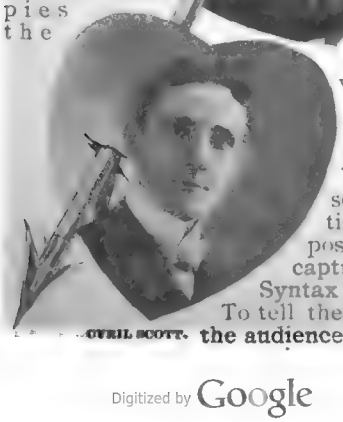
JOSEPH WHEELOCK, JR., is the chubby, smooth-faced young man, who occupies the position of leading juvenile in Mr. Frohman's Empire Theatre Stock Company. In "Phroso" he played the part of the kindergartenish young chap, who is always saying real saucy things to the leading lady. He also wore a yachting suit that was a marvel of blanched linen and ultra cut. He is now playing the part of a jockey in "Lord and Lady Algy," and playing it with considerable feeling, by the way. It is a maudlin sort of a rôle, but he manages to infuse some human interest into it and he is a good foil for William Faversham, the leading man.

JOSEPH WHEELOCK, JR.

FRANK WORTHING.

FRANK WORTHING is very beautiful to look upon. He plays a nobleman in "Catherine," the piece in which Annie Russell is starring. The mere fact that he plays very well indeed does not detract for one moment from the luminous beauty of his personality. Mr. Worthing is tall, with just the suggestion of the literary stoop to his shoulders, and a grave, earnest face that betokens anything but the careless, flippant actor. There is a touch of gray in his hair.

CYRIL SCOTT has long been a favorite of the Broadway matinée hero-worshipers. A woman critic on a New York paper once described him as being "so nice and boyish and gentlemanly." That seems to express it exactly. Cyril Scott was at one time leading juvenile at the Empire and played opposite Edna Wallace Hopper. Then De Wolf Hopper captured him, and he made his appearance in "Dr. Syntax" and sang some songs in a red riding-costume. To tell the truth, he didn't sing the songs any too well, but the audience seemed to like him. He is with Daly now.



CYRIL SCOTT.

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MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER AS A WOMAN OF NO REPUTATION.

JUST at present there are three important news items about Mrs. Potter, the woman who has, by her closely watched series of evolutions, become a really great actress after a beginning of utter amateurishness.

Mrs. Potter is separated from Kyrle Bellew.

Mrs. Potter has made a big hit as *Miladi* in "The Three Musketeers."

Mrs. Potter will probably be divorced by her husband, James Brown Potter, the man who has stood so much and has said so little.

Mrs. Potter has undoubtedly made a great hit as *Miladi*. The conscienceless, brazen type of courtesan, as exemplified by Dumas' great character of *Lady De Winter*, is portrayed by Mrs. Potter in a splendidly convincing manner, and it is undoubtedly the greatest hit she has made during her stage career. All the London papers have praised her unstintedly, and those Americans who have seen her in the part declare it to be a splendid bit of portraiture.

MRS. POTTER AND THE FLEUR-DE-LIS OF *MILADI*, THE WANTON OF "THE THREE MUSKETEERS."

Mrs. Potter, by the way, has been exceedingly anxious for some years to get control over her daughter, Miss Fifi Potter, who is a handsome girl with all her mother's beauty and her father's quiet, strong character. Mr. Potter has, of course, strenuously and courageously fought against his wife's effort to secure control of the child she has cut off from her by acts of almost unparalleled effrontery. Miss Potter will make her formal début into society next year, and it is confidently expected that she will be the reigning and most discussed belle of the season.

NAILED.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER (*touring in the West*) — Pardon me, sir; but would you object to my taking your daughter just as she is?

FARMER GREENE—Well, this is kinder sudden; but take her and be happy. Keep yer eyes on him, Sal, till I scoot round fer the passon.

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BLANCHE BATES, WHO TRIED TO UPSET ADA REHAN, BUT DIDN'T.

My love is like a beauteous rose,
That sweetens cupid's bower;
It is for her my tear drops flows,
She's such a costly flower.

BLANCHE BATES comes from the far, far West. She has a great reputation as an intensely emotional actress in the mining camps beyond the Rockies and wherever San Francisco and its art is looked upon as the most beautiful thing on earth. Miss Bates decided to come to New York. Others had done the same thing, and why not she? So she made arrangements to come to town as a member of Augustin Daly's company. She made her appearance before New Yorkers in "The Great Ruby," and did very nicely, indeed, in what the author had probably made the strongest rôle in the piece. The New York critics, who can be kind at times, said pleasant things about her. This was somewhat unfortunate, as otherwise Miss Bates might have become a familiar and lasting figure at New York's most select play-house. Miss Bates got it into her rather pretty head that that fine player, Ada Rehan, had become exceeding ly wroth over the fact that Miss Bates had acquitted herself creditably. With much enthusiasm and considerable energy she succeeded in having her alleged grievances aired in the newspapers. Miss Rehan, on the other hand, studiously and absolutely declined to enter into any controversy, and showed her usual excellent taste by refraining from saying anything unpleasant of the actress who had come to New York and slightly lost her equilibrium. A considerable dramatic effect was added to the situation when one morning Miss Bates' press agent—for surely this very busy little woman must have one—announced that Miss Bates had severed her connection with Mr. Daly, because she could not stand the state of affairs in his play-house. Immediately afterward, also, we were gravely informed by the press agent that Miss Bates was snapped up by the Liebler Company, an organization of shrewd theatrical men who have made a success of the starring tour of Viola Allen. Miss Bates was engaged to play the part of *Miladi* in the O'Neill production of "The Three Musketeers." It may be interesting to know that Miss Bates had secured her engagement with the Liebler Company some time before she left Mr. Daly, and she was not snapped up on the spur of the moment just after her departure in anger from the Broadway play-house.

Photograph by Schloss, N. Y.
Blanche Bates, from Frisco.

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THE PURSUIT OF VIRTUE.*

BY GORDON PALMER.

Illustrated by F. W. BAILEY.

A CONTINUED "TALE OF BROADWAY."

CHAPTER I.

THE atmosphere of the room was almost suffocating. The smoke hung like a pall over the heads of the diners in a room which seemed to contain all the colors of the prism, and which made the eyes blink and smart and the brain grow tired in a dizzy contemplation of the reds and the golds and the mirrored walls that shot out a myriad of reflections of the scene. It was a typical after-theatre crowd--men-about-town, impeccably dressed and with dark rings under their eyes; callow, rosy-cheeked young sprawlers who were yet too young to know fatigue; here and there a wondering face belonging to some surprised and respectable citizen who had strayed in by mistake, and was not sure whether to remain or not; pretty young women with silly-looking escorts who were out seeing a few of the sights and who revelled in the stodgy air with all the ingenuous enthusiasm of inexperienced youth; other women, whose names were notoriously familiar to the frequenters of the place, and whose companions, generally prosperous, sleek-looking, well-fed, stoutish individuals, exercised over them a species of obvious ownership that was not to be mistaken; courtesans still lower in the scale, gamblers, actors, a sprinkling of newspaper men, and there you have the *personæ*.

An orchestra, consisting of a piano, a violin, and a vociferous cornet, was frivoling not too daintily, with selections from a de Koven opera. No one paid any heed whatever to this noise, except occasionally when some ill-favored diner glanced ferociously in the direction of the orchestra loft and poured out imprecations on the head of the luckless leader. Almost everybody, however, was fairly good-natured. The very air of the place seemed to incite a careless flippancy and an undisturbed content that would have been picturesque to anyone not befuddled by the glare, stare and blare of the place.

Near the door at a small table sat a man and a woman. They were very like the place itself--tawdry, noisy and night-hawkish. They seemed to match each other exactly. There was between them that affinity that has quite as much to do with the affairs of a midnight resort as with the country-lovers straying down a garlanded lane in spring-time.

The man was neither young nor old; thas is to say, it would have been difficult for a philosopher to have figured out the span of his existence by the measure of his face. It was a worn, seamed face that would probably have been pale and drawn if the interior of the man had not been so thoroughly deluged with heating potables. As it was, the face was flushed with steaming unhealthy red, except around the eyes where the jaundiced pallor would not be routed by a cellar of vintages. The eyes themselves were good enough, except that they did not possess any too much intelligence. They were the eyes of a sleepy-going man who does not have to worry, because fortune has patted him kindly on the shoulder. The hair, like the mustache, was grizzled; it was a sleek black, here and there mixed with gray, and the whole pomaded so that the lustre reflected some of the garishness of the lights over the table. He was well-dressed, if expensive clothes and a profusion of jewelry count for anything. The whole ensemble much resembled the apotheosis of a successful drummer who had lived to see his name over the front door of a wholesale clothing or lace establishment. Still, he might have been a brewer. No doubt, he had German blood in him, rather suggesting this line of reasoning.

Perhaps he had a fleshy wife and a large and thriving family, way up town somewhere. The mere fact that above Fifty-ninth Street he might be looked upon as a successful business-man and a father who provided well for his flock did not prevent his changing his character with his locality. It's a way some New Yorkers have, you know.

The woman was even more typically Broadwayesque. There was none of

* No. 14 of "Tales of Broadway."

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the softness and gentleness of femininity about her. If the world had showered at her feet all the precious stones and the blandishments known to the modiste's cult, it would only have made her more unholy in her bizarre loudness.

At one time she had probably been extremely pretty. Even now there was a certain dash and a bold swagger about her that seemed fascinating to her *vis-à-vis*. Her hair was very black and very handsome. Her eyes looked about her with much assurance; they were knowing eyes, those. They knew at once the difference between a fat, wealthy brewer and a curly-headed sprig of a youngster. She might coquet with the latter, but to the former she would stick like death. She was, perhaps, thirty—she might have been five years less or ten years more. The small, weak chin was rapidly receding behind the folds of her neck, and the large red ears and the pudgy hands told not so much of years as of her mode of life. The lips were heavily rouged. Her red satin dress, the diamonds in her ears, the jeweler's array on her fingers, and the way in which she ate her lobster proclaimed that she was a fitting gem for such a setting.

"I don't see Charlie Fairbanks here to-night," said the woman in a nasal tone. "He seldom misses his Saturday night."

"Oh, he'll be here," said the man. He spoke a little thick, but that might have been due to the smoke. "Charlie 'll be here all right. I seen him down-town to-day, and he said he was going to come in and surprise us all to-night with a new face. And Charlie says——" here he blew a cloud of tobacco smoke into the face of the woman without an apology—"he says he's going to surprise us with a girl he met once down in Bridgeport when he carried a grip for Einstein & Cavendish. Why, do you know, Helen, Charlie's clean off about the girl! He takes her to the theatre and to supper, and say, Helen, what do you think? He says she is as innocent as a lamb!" And the big, coarse jowls champed together in a way that was probably intended for laughter.

Helen grinned. Then she said, derisively: "Oh, yes, I see Charlie Fairbanks running around town with that kind of a bird. He's having a joke on you, Smalley." Smalley, of course, wasn't his first name, but these women enjoy the peculiar distinction of calling their men friends by their last names, without any prefix whatsoever.

"Well, all I know," continued Smalley, "is that Charlie ain't been 'round to the club in a week, he ain't lost any money at poker, and he ain't been drunk. If that don't show something wrong, I'm a come-on."

The woman was playfully toying with a lobster-claw on her plate. Then she brought her elbows down upon the table, stuck her chin on the palms of her hands, looked for a moment at Smalley, and said, somewhat querulously: "Do you think Fairbanks is really in love with that girl?"

"How the devil should I know?" retorted the other, somewhat gruffly. Then he, too, looked steadily at the other, and finally blurted out: "See here, Helen, upon my soul you seem to be jealous. Why should you care whether Charlie Fairbanks is in love with a girl or not?" Then he struck the table so hard with his fist that a waiter came over, expecting an order for another bottle, but Smalley ordered him away

"They were very like the place itself—tawdry, noisy and night-hawkish."

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with a growl, and, facing her fiercely again, said: "See here, you. Jack Barnes told me once that you and Fairbanks were in love with each other. If I thought you cared for him a little bit I'd throw you over in a minute," and he scowled fiercely at her in his anger.

The woman remained undisturbed. It was not the time for anger; she played a different card.

Taking a pinch of salt in the palm of her hand she flecked it contemptuously into the face of the bear, gazed at him insolently for a moment, and then remarked, with a maddening sneer: "Oh, no, my dear old boy, you wouldn't do anything of the sort. You've been threatening me for two years, and you know you are more in love with me than ever." Then, lighting a cigarette, she proceeded to puff the smoke into his face as nonchalantly as he had done a moment before. He rather liked her in these moods. He had never made a mistake, so far as she was concerned. He knew perfectly well that she was no shrinking flower, and so, when she dared him and was brazen and altogether impossible, he was all the more completely in love.

Chapter II.

There entered from between the swinging plate-glass doors a couple that immediately attracted the attention of everyone in the place, and most particularly that of Smalley and Helen Besley. The man was tall and dark and handsome. He was about thirty-two, carried himself splendidly and was just the sort of man who would have been called "divine," if he had been a matinée hero. The girl was young, very, perhaps not more than nineteen, with a light, girlish figure and a face that suggested apple-blossoms. Those eyes had seen but little of the town. That mouth was virginal in its freshness and the hair was rebellious beneath a small hat that would have looked poor had it not been so becoming.

He entered as if he knew his ground. She was demurely hesitating.

"Phew!" whistled Smalley. "There she is, and she's a corker," which, with Smalley, was the very highest praise.

Helen stared critically.

"Yes, there's Charlie, and that's the lamb"--and she laughed in a raspy, unpleasant sort of way. "Smalley, ask him to come to our table." Smalley, nothing loath, jumped up and greeted Fairbanks, who had already bowed to Helen, and was making his way to a side table.

"I say, Fairbanks, bring your friend over and join us." He was the personification of oily amiability.

Fairbanks was puzzled. Then he grew pacific. "No, thank you. There's a table over there, and we don't like to crowd in, you know."

"But say, Fairbanks, old man," said the other, planting his pudgy form directly in his path, "ain't you going to present the lady?"

Fairbanks' face flushed and he rather forcibly pushed Smalley aside with an impatient gesture and the remark, "Can't you see that we want to be alone?" Then he and the girl sat down and prepared to order, while Smalley returned to his own table. Helen had taken in the whole scene, and in her eye was a glitter that presaged nasty weather.

"So he didn't want us to meet his little friend?" said she, between her clenched teeth. "How particular we're getting!" and she dropped the cigarette stub on the floor and crushed it under her generous foot as if it were something human that she would destroy. She thought for a moment, and the more she thought the more furious she became. Then she seemed to make a sudden resolution. Getting up from the chair, she glowered towards the direction of Fairbanks, and bending over Smalley, hissed: "If handsome men bring foolish lambs into the woods, they must expect to brush elbows with wolves. If that's too much for your beautiful intellect, old boy, just let me say that I'm going over there to have a pleasant little chat with our two friends."

And before Smalley, who was too dull to feel resentment, could stop her, she had started across the room.

With a smile that was intended to be engaging, she went up to Fairbanks, and tapping him playfully on the cheek, said: "Glad to see you again, dear old boy. You haven't been over to the house lately. What's the matter? Has the little lamb been engaging your attention to the exclusion of all your old love?" And she showed her teeth wickedly.

Fairbanks ground his teeth in an impotent rage. He could see her purpose, but he was bound to foil it.

"My dear Helen," said he, "of course, I am always glad to see my old friends;

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"She grabbed the girl's wrist so she could not flee."

but really, you know, just at present I am——"

"Oh, yes, I know all about that, Charlie, my boy. I can see you are engaged, and I don't blame you a bit. She's all right," and she ran her eye critically up and down the form of the girl, who sat there, open-eyed, with the hot blushes suffusing her cheek and her two hands clasped nervously.

Fairbanks now took a decided step. "Miss Besley," said he with a calm, but meaningful tone, "I shall be glad to see you and Mr. Smalley later in the evening, after I escort Miss Clarkson home. Shall I see you to your table?" he said, half politely, half with that courtly grace that fitted the man so well.

"No," said she, tearing her arm from his gentle grasp, "you won't do nothin' of the sort;" here she resorted to her old-time *patois*. "So your name's

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Clarkson, is it?" and she went over to the table and peered brazenly into the young face. "Clarkson, eh? No doubt it's Daisy, or Bessy, or some other name that would fit a lamb." Here the girl started to rise in fear and trembling, while Fairbanks came forward with decision.

"See here, Helen," said he, "this is unbearable. Miss Clarkson has neither sought nor desired your acquaintance. I have tried to be polite, but I must now ask that you leave us at once. Miss Clarkson, I shall get your wrap, and we shall go."

"Yes, let us go," said the girl, "the air is choking; what a horrid place, and——" She probably intended to say something about the people, too, when Helen turned upon her with blazing eyes. "Dear little lamb! White little lamb! Sweet, innocent little lamb! Do you know," and she grabbed the girl's wrist so that she could not flee, "do you know why Charlie Fairbanks does not wish to have us meet? Your name is Edith or Daisy, and you're a lamb, but I'll tell you. That man was my lover once, but he threw me over like a dozen others. He's mine more than he is yours." She was panting now and quite beside herself. She went on: "Of course, he likes your pretty face and your girl's eyes and your fluffy hair, but do you know what he intends to do—do you know why he brings you here to-night?"

"Stop, stop," said the girl. "Let me go, I say. For God's sake, let me go."

"But not before I tell you that it is his intention to ruin you, and then to throw you aside as he does dozens of others."

"How dare you?" said Fairbanks, standing between the two women. "Have you lost all shame, all decency?"

The woman laughed unpleasantly again. "Take her home now, Charlie," said she, regaining somewhat her cynical composure. "Take her to her little fold. Good-bye, little lamb," said she to the girl. "Good-bye, little Daisy; good-bye, sweet innocent, and"—this as a parting shot—"don't forget that Charlie Fairbanks regards all women alike. Ta-ta, deary," and back she went to the astounded Smalley, while Fairbanks and the girl walked out into the night.

When they had reached the sidewalk the girl grabbed his arm, trembled like a leaf in the wind, and then dropped at his feet with a low moan.

"Good God!" said Fairbanks, "so this is the end of a miserable evening. Cabby, here, give me a hand." They deposited the light form on one of the cushions; then Fairbanks jumped in. "Hurry, take us to the nearest drug store," and he slammed the door.

As the cab drove away, two pairs of eyes glared from out the restaurant window, while a pair of rouged lips parted as their owner said: "There goes the wolf and the lamb. Come on, Smalley, take me home; I must think."

Smalley grunted.

(To be continued next month.)

From photographs by Aime Dupont, New York City.

Nellie Linde Wright, a beautiful young singer who, critics declare, will make a sensation when she comes before the public. She is the daughter of Rosa Linde, a well-known figure in the concert world.

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"NEW YORK'S PRETTIEST CHORUS GIRL."

BY JAMES HOWARD MERCER.

Illustrated with photographs taken especially for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE by R. L. Curran.

OF course, it is not to be expected that everyone will agree that Effie Hamilton is the prettiest chorus girl in New York. There are at least nine hundred and ninety-nine other chorus girls who will dispute this prize beauty claim, and every man in the town who has his own particular favorite and who believes that his taste for beauty cannot be excelled will tell you that Effie Hamilton is not, never was, and never will be, the greatest of her kind. However, one man's judgment is generally as good as another's, and plenty of men have declared Miss Hamilton to be all right in every respect, as far as external evidences of beauty are concerned, and she is the favorite we are playing at the present time.

MISS HAMILTON IN REPOSE.

When the BROADWAY MAGAZINE commissioned me to interview Miss Hamilton, I was a trifle diffident at first, for the simple reason that chorus girls are sometimes quite as impossible as prima donnas when it comes to the question of discussing themselves. However, Miss Hamilton declared at the start, when I had called and made known my errand: "Why, certainly, my dear sir, like all women, I love to talk." This was encouraging.

"Miss Hamilton," said I, this with an admiring glance at her fluffy hair and her very nice eyes, "are you aware that you are called the prettiest chorus girl in New York?"

She gave a little gasp. If it wasn't voluntary, she was certainly surprised. If it was studied, she's a little artist and a gay deceiver.

"Oh, am I, indeed?" she gurgled, with a pretty little grimace. "Surely

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As seen through the drapery.

there's some mistake. I am not really so very beautiful, now, am I?" And she looked full into my eyes in such a thoroughly ingenuous manner that it gave me the courage of candor. "Well," I answered critically, "your hair is nice, your smile is winning, your nose is very fair, and your general contour is good. I don't quite like your chin, as it shows lack of strength, but perhaps it is the weakness of amiability. Yes, I think you're exceedingly pretty; perhaps beautiful would be a trifle overdone for a girl as young as you."

"Thank you so much for telling the truth," said she, "for I do think that you meant just what you said. You look as if you didn't like lies."

I bowed in my most courtly manner, then questioned further: "Miss Hamilton, what made you go on the stage?"

She blinked her eyes wisely, and answered: "Well, I'll tell you. I didn't want to starve to death, I'm not in love with manual labor, and so I thought the chorus was much better than nothing at all."

That sounded sensible, so I followed with, "Now tell me, if you will, whether you have found the stage very wicked or not."

She was reflective for a moment. "That's pretty hard to say," she vouchsafed, after corrugating her brow for some moments. "I don't pretend to be very much of a prude, and perhaps three years on the stage have made me somewhat unconventional in my ideas. I have never given much thought to footlight morality one way or the other. I can't see that it differs much from any other kind of morality. Of course, young girls who go on the stage must expect to meet with unpleasant experiences. I can't say, however, that I have found all mankind banded together for the express purpose of accomplishing my downfall. If girls are anything but positively ugly, they must expect to have admirers, and some of these will be troublesome, bold, and disagreeable. But I have no doubt that this same thing is true in dry-goods stores and factories. Men are good and bad everywhere." Then she looked quizzically at me and said prettily, "But I must say some of them are awfully, awfully bad."

"How about stage managers, Miss Hamilton? Chorus girls are always supposed to hate them."

For a moment her eyes flashed. "And some of them deserve to be hated;" and at the moment she looked as if she had experienced much cause for complaint. "Some of them are perfect beasts, then again, others are as kind and considerate as they can be. Oh, Lord, what misery a stage manager can inflict upon a girl if he has reason to dislike her! He can bully her, insult her, and drive her to despair, and the meaner and more heartless he is, of course the more she has to fear from him. However, the other type of stage manager can make things just as pleasant. "My present stage manager is perhaps one of the hardest worked men in the profession in this country, and yet he finds time to be decent towards us girls, and that's saying a good deal for a stage manager, don't you think?"

Artistic Hair Arrangement.

A classic study.

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I meekly acknowledged that it was. Then I propounded thusly: "What are your ambitions?"

She never hesitated. "To make lots of money, have a cab to and from the theatre, have a maid and a separate dressing-room and all the white kid gloves I can wear."

"In other words, you want to be a star."

"Well, perhaps that's it. But to tell the truth, I don't care so very much, as long as I get what I want. It would be very nice, to be sure, to have my face and name on all the billboards, and to stay home from rehearsal when I did not feel like working. Oh, those rehearsals—" and she sighed mournfully. "They are heart-breaking. I go there hungry, cold and tired. I wait and rehearse, and rehearse and wait, when I want to be lying down comfortably reading a novel; but I know they are necessary, and of course I am not the only one. While that does not make me any the less tired, it proves that I am not particularly unfortunate."

"What do you do with mash notes?" I hazarded.

"Oh, nothing in particular. I just show them to the other girls, and we all have a good laugh; then they show me theirs. I don't want you to think that I get all the mash notes at the American Theatre. There are only a very few, anyhow, and these come through the mails and the management can't stop them. Fellows who send mash notes are generally idiots, anyway, and not worth knowing. I rather think the comic papers have almost put a stop to this sort of thing and made men ashamed to write letters and stand the chance of being considered Johnnies."

"Now, Miss Hamilton," I remarked, with marked courtesy, "the BROADWAY MAGAZINE receives, almost every day, letters from young girls who want to go on the stage, and asking our advice. Suppose you give me a message for these young things?"

"But I'm not a star, and important enough to hold views that are interesting. Besides, I wouldn't know how to give advice."

"Suppose you try?"

"Well, in the first place, I'd say, 'Don't do it. It's harder than it looks; it's awfully tiresome and awfully wearing. If you must go on, however, it's lots of fun, too. You can make more money than by scrubbing floors, and it isn't as hard as running an elevator. You always have a chance to be somebody's understudy, and then once in every twenty years an under-study makes an immense hit, and becomes a star.' That's all."

And I don't think those remarks were so frivolous, after all.

I observed the grace with which Miss Hamilton reclined in the cushions of her chair, as the reader can observe also, himself, if he will cast his eye upon the illustration at the top of this page, and I said suddenly, as the thought came to me:

"Are you fond of dancing, Miss Hamilton?"

She clasped her hands rapturously, a sigh escaped from her lips and wended its way towards the zenith, and she leaned forward impetuously.

"Oh, but I am!" she exclaimed.

So impressive was her whole attitude that I was quite convinced.

"There's nothing so lovely," continued "the prettiest chorus girl in New York," "as swaying with the measure of the music. Ah, it is at such moments that one feels the divinity of the human body, and realizes what

We wouldn't call this "As in a Looking-Glass," for the world! We detest chestnuts.

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She's an enthusiastic wheelwoman.

exquisite joys lie in its mere mobility. Dancing's O. K."

"Well, Miss Hamilton," I asked, after I had pondered deeply on her words, "please tell me what it feels like to be the prettiest chorus girl in New York."

"But am I?" she inquired with playful protestation.

"Some have said so," I replied guardedly. "But," I added, "what others, seeing you, would dare contradict it?"

"Well," she replied, thoughtfully, "if I really were the prettiest chorus girl in New York—*if* I were, you know—why, I should think it would be very wearing on one."

"Wearing?" I repeated, inquiringly.

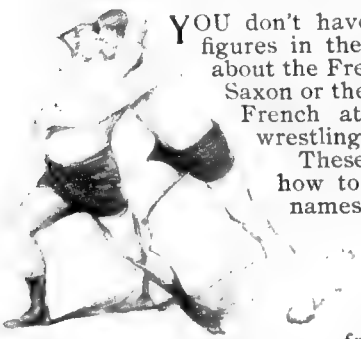
"Yes. It seems to me that I should be afraid of losing such tremendous beauty by some accident or something, and that would be a constant source of worry."

"I see," I replied. And then I withdrew.

Telling a friend how it was.

FRENCH WRESTLERS COMING TO AMERICA

ILLUSTRATED WITH SNAP-SHOTS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE.



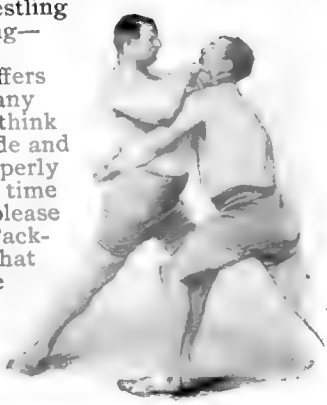
Trying for an over-head throw.

YOU don't have to look twice at these pictures to see that the figures in them are Frenchmen. There is a certain lumpiness about the French athlete that distinguishes him from the Anglo-Saxon or the German, and the funny thing about it is that the French athlete thinks he knows it all — especially about wrestling.

These two gentlemen are coming to America to show us how to wrestle properly. They rejoice in the beautiful names of Constant the Butcher and François the Tack-about, and what they don't know about wrestling isn't worth knowing—they think.

French wrestling differs from ours in a good many ways. Frenchmen think American wrestling and English wrestling are rude and vulgar and brutal. They think we don't do it properly anyway, because we spend so much of our athletic time at "la boxe," which may or may not be true; but please imagine, will you, what would happen to the Tack-about if Bill Muldoon ever got hold of him, or what poor old Clarence Whistler would have done to the Butcher. Not a thing—oh, no.

French wrestlers don't use their legs, and, accordingly, don't know anything about catch-as-catch-can. These pictures, our correspondent has sent us, show the men in Græco-Roman postures. They are essentially classical, of course, and would have had Apollo's approval, but there is such a thing as taking



A back hold.

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a form of athletics out of practicality and pruning it down too fine as an art.

However, the manager of these two Frenchmen evidently thinks he will make a success of his American tour. This is what he said about it to the BROADWAY MAGAZINE:

A fall from a back hold.

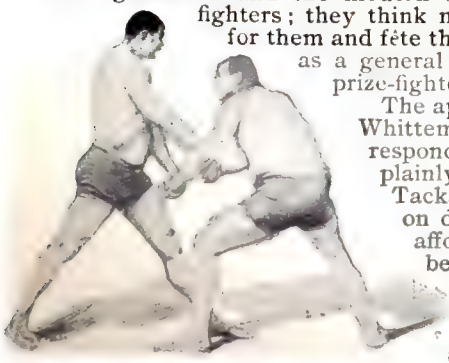
"Wrestling in America is a lost art. You used to have some good men, but never many. Now you have none at all. Yes, I say it, none at all. The wrestlers in your country are now Germans or Irish or Terrible Turks or Horrible Greeks—none American. France is the true country of wrestlers. Look at the list of great names beside Constant and François: Paul Pons, champion of the world; Bainaize, Robinet, Mazin, Laurent, Peyrouse, de la Calmette, Daumas, and the Marseille Brothers! After France come Russia, Turkey and Greece with Pytlasinski, Yousouf, Nourla, Kara Osman and Piéri, but these have all been carpeted by our invincible French wrestlers."

The very latest picture of Marie Jansen, by Chickering, Boston. It can be seen that Time is dealing lightly with the comedienne.

Very enthusiastic manager, this; but the fact still remains that the Frenchman cannot bring himself to a pitch of training where he stands any chance with the American wrestler, even as we have him to-day in his state of retrograde. Constant the Butcher and François the Tackabout are apparently not going to try conclusions with any of our own men, but will merely exhibit together; but my guesses are loose if one or both of them are not thrown by, say, Roeber.

Trying to break a bridge.

There is a certain class in Paris who hold their wrestlers in the same esteem as the Romans of old held their gladiators and the modern Spanish their bull-fighters; they think nothing is too good for them and fête them as heroes. The heroes are a brutal class, as a general rule, even more so than a typical English prize-fighter, which is saying a good deal.



Sparring for a hold.

The appended illustrations, made by our artist, Mr. Whittemore, after photographs furnished by our correspondent in Paris, will show our readers pretty plainly what Constant the Butcher and François the Tackabout look like. The photographs were taken on different occasions when accident or posture afforded the best opportunities, but the men may be identified by taking the darker of the two as François. This wrestler receives his name from his dexterity in twisting.

The arrival of these two lumpy-stomached gentlemen is a matter of general interest, which is why we show them at work.

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ISSUED ON THE 25TH DAY OF EACH MONTH PRECEDING DATE OF PUBLICATION.

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Vol. III. MAY, 1899. No. 2.

The Princess Chimay says she will marry Rigo. There is an ingenuous maidenly reserve about the statement that suits well the unconventional Clara Ward, late of Detroit, whoseeccentricitiestake the form of elopements with oily-haired foreigners. We condole with Rigo. Princess Chimay as a mistress may have her claims, but as a wife she is decidedly and absolutely impossible.

* * *

Influence is a wonderful thing in this country. This has been proven beyond all manner of doubt by the recent achievement of one of America's most famous dramatists in getting the great New York dailies to refrain from printing a story of his escapade in Boston, in which he figures in an unenviable light, a mother of a sixteen-year old girl having had him arrested for a heinous crime. This instance, by the way, is a pretty good refutation of the oft-repeated statement, that the daily newspapers would print anything about anybody in order to make a sensation. The publication of this story in detail would have raised a whirlwind of excitement in theatrical circles.

* * *

"YAUQ — Come to Journal office and see the Managing Editor." —That's the way it has appeared in the New York Journal for a number of weeks. We don't pretend to know anything about the case, but we're willing to wager a good deal that a certain eminent statesman of Pennsylvania has not accepted the invitation.

* * *

Have you secured Bound Volumes I and II. of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE? We really don't like to bore you about our own business affairs all the time, but we know positively that there is no way on earth by which you can get a bigger dollar's worth than by ordering one of these bound volumes. Think it over yourself, but don't wait until all your money's gone before ordering, because we refuse to send anyone a bound volume without the dollar. We're rather queer about things of that sort.

* * *

And by the way, has it ever occurred to you that a nice, safe and handy way to get the BROADWAY MAGAZINE is by subscribing for it a year in advance? Mind you, we're not trying to cheat the newsdealer out of custom by getting your money direct. We'd just as gladly receive your subscription through any newsdealer in the country, to whom we should be glad to pay a commission. We're not vainer than the average man, but we have a well-defined belief that twelve issues of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE make pretty good value for a dollar bill.

First Edition of Broadway Quarterly, No. 1, exhausted in five days.

SECOND EDITION NOW READY!

The BROADWAY QUARTERLY, No. 1, containing some of the best of the back numbers of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE, was exhausted the first week of publication. Hence this second edition.

The stunning front-page design is a striking bit of illustrating. There are nearly two hundred pages of bright pictures and crisp reading matter, and nothing else like it can be found on the newsstands. Price, 25 cents per copy, or $1.00 a year.

Send 25 cents in stamps or silver for BROADWAY QUARTERLY, No. 1, dated May.

BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO., 1123 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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READY REPLIES TO COMPLAINING CORRESPONDENTS

BILL. No, my dear imperial Bill, our advice is don't. Don't antagonize the U. S. by making yourself obnoxious in Samoa and Manila all at the same time. You may be Emperor of Germany, Bill, but you wouldn't amount to a wife-beater's chances of heaven over here. No, Bill, close your face and pull your mustache down on both sides. Bill, subside.

RUDYARD KIPLING. If you are in earnest about cultivating a literary style, we are glad to advise you. Of course, the mere fact that you think you can write doesn't prove anything. But see here, read Richard Harding Davis's stuff attentively; also John Paul Duff's. Get style, Rud, style—that's what *you* want.

ALGERINE SECRETERRY. Yes, lady, we will give you the meaning of the expression "beefing." But, on second thought, it would be better to apply to Gen. Eagan, at present enjoying a vacation on full pay for foul conversation. He didn't like what another gentleman of the name of Miles said about the army beef in the war, you know, so he beefed. Now he's having an elegant time, smoking cigars and drinking champagne as a reward. Come, everybody, let us beef together.

"RUBE" HUMOR AS THEY SEE IT IN SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

These two pictures show two Western comedians. In the first we have J. L. Morris and J. F. Braid and in the second J. L. Morris and his "mascot." The first picture is from a sketch entitled "The Rogue's Visit." The other is from "The Vagabond." The pictures were taken by Plummer of Seattle, and are interesting because they show pictorially the status of the "Rube" and the tramp act as seen in the far West. We would not advise Comedian Braid to bring his mascot to New York. Commodore Gerry might see him.

"The gobbelins will get ye Ef ye don't watch out."

PAULA. Whom, you ask, with dainty accent, do the newspapers refer to, when they use the words "the immortal George"? Well, Paula, it depends. It depends a great deal on the newspaper. It may mean George Washington, Henry George, George B. Luks, or George Dewey. Take your pick, Paula, but be quick about it. They're all great.

BUSINESS MAN. You want to know where you can get a typewriter with a soft gentle touch, as you say the one you have now rattles too much. Well, sir, we should like to give you the information if we only knew whether you meant a machine or a maid. If the latter, don't expect one with a soft touch, for they always have loud, heavy ones—never for less than a ten spot. As for the typewriter you have now rattling too much, do you mean she rattles *you?* Ah, naughty! Well, it's a difficult game to keep up long, and that's a fact. You have our sympathy.

A HUSTLE WANTED.

"According to this cablegram they were married in England yesterday," he said.

"We must send our congratulations at once," she returned.

"By post or cable?" he asked.

"From what I know of both of them," she replied, "we ought to send them by cable if we wish to be sure that they will be acceptable when they reach them."

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THE GIRL WITH THE ROSE IN HER HAIR.

I MET her one night at a dance—
The time or place matters not where—
And to trot with her took ev'ry chance,
The girl with the rose in her hair.

I fell into love right away—
Oh, she had such an elegant face;
And the merest remark she would say
Was said with ineffable grace.

I squeezed her close up to my heart,
As lightly we threaded the throng;
I whispered, "Oh, ne'er let us part—
Such passion as this can't be wrong."

She softly breathed into my ear,
"You're just of the build I adore,
And my past life seems lonely and drear
Because I've not met you before!"

We parted. * * * * My watch and my chain,
My tie-pin, oh, where are they, where?
I seek for them ever in vain,
And the girl with the rose in her hair.

WAZZY BAJURD.

WHO THEY ARE.

Dina Cardin is Mrs. Albert Millette.

Agnes Carleton is Mrs. Alphonse Phillips.

Florence Carlisle married Seymour Hess.

Edna Carey is Mrs. D. P. Brown.

Elenor Carey married W. F. Blood, known professionally as William Blande. She was formally Mrs. Chas. L. Livingston, but was divorced.

Mrs. J. W. Carroll is Mrs. Ogden Stevens.

Grace Courtland, *née* Cartland, widow of John Murray, is now known as English Grace Hawthorne.

Eva Cartwright is Mrs. J. W. Coffey.

Louise Carvin is Mrs. Sydney Cox.

Cora Case is Irene Ackerman.

Minnie Castle is Mrs. J. Simms.

Vera Castleton is the wife of Charlie Smith, the pugilist.

Kate Castleton was Mrs. Mary Phillips, the wife of Harry Phillips.

Maud Cathcart is the daughter of Rowley Cathcart.

The late Ada Cavendish was the wife of the late Frank Marshall of London *Figaro*.

Georgia Cayvan's real name is Cavanagh.

Mme. Celeste was Mrs. Henry Elliot.

(*To be continued.*)

STILL ANOTHER SMILE FROM CANADA.

MONTREAL.

TO THE RED SOUBRETTE:

There's no mistake, you're a *rara avis*, and the BROADWAY MAGAZINE would hardly be the laudable magazine it is to-day, were it not for your lucid and entertaining talk.

The BROADWAY MAGAZINE to my mind is the most scintillating star of the magazine firmament, albeit some people have said its want of seriousness is a conspicuous point about its publication—in other words, the levity of the magazine is not on a par with what really educated people would like to read. I do not look at it from that point of view, and watch for it every month. Your talk (I should say your column) is the source of great pleasure to all the girls in Montreal, at least to all the fair ones in our office, and it is eagerly read from cover to cover every month.

Do you know, my dear girl, notwithstanding all the pictures that appear in the BROADWAY MAGAZINE from month to month, I have never yet seen one of young Lionel Barrymore. A friend of mine in Boston has one of him, and I also would like to possess one, to add to my now large collection.

If you turn this request over to the Editorial Department, do you think they will publish the aforesaid photograph?

Hoping your lucid, witty and laconic column may long remain one of the foremost in the BROADWAY MAGAZINE, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

FLO, your Canadian Cousin.

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Showing a portion of the immense stock in Mr. Ritzmann's establishment.

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To show the immensity of this collection, a very conservative estimate of what is here found would be 150,000 pictures. It has received much favorable attention from the American press; also the late Edwin Booth and Napoleon Sarony; Ellen Terry, Henry Irving, Joseph Jefferson, Emma Eames, and we could keep on *ad infinitum*. We supply all the leading Newspapers, Magazines, Lithographers, Artists, etc. Collectors will see the advantage of making their selection from such an immense assortment. All letters will be promptly answered and we shall be highly pleased to have you call and look at the photographs at any time.

We will send you three Cabinets for $1.00. Just now those most in demand are: Mrs. Leslie Carter, Maude Adams, Viola Allen, Annie Russell, Maxine Elliott, Julia Marlowe, Julia Arthur, Mary Mannering, E. H. Sothern, William Faversham, and the members of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company. Send us an order for three for a start, and you will get more of them.

Send 25 cents for a sample card of 25 pictures in reduced fac-simile of originals.

Charles L. Ritzmann

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VERY NICELY, THANKS!

In response to your very kind queries, we beg to say that the

BROADWAY QUARTERLY, NUMBER ONE,

is doing as the capital letters inform you above.

And why not?

Why shouldn't the BROADWAY QUARTERLY, Number One, be doing well? It contains more for

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than any other publication of its kind, and though only two and a half times the price of the monthly BROADWAY, is filled with three times the amount of interesting matter, reading and pictures.

What pictures, you ask?

Well, portraits of such celebrities as Virginia Jackson, Marie Studholme, Virginia Earle, Otéro, Della Fox, Anna Held, Merri Osborne, Alice Judson, Maude King, Yolande Wallace, Mabel Bouton and lots more, to say nothing of Clara Betz.

Many of these beautiful ladies are pictured in tights.

Ah! It is three issues in one.

Well, how about the reading, you ask, again.

Why, the Red Soubrette gossips chattily, The Man about Town does dittoly, Percival Pash poetizes prodigally, and there are three "Tales of Broadway." Such tales! Ah, us!

But what is the use of talking? Let your

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

do the talking and get thereby a copy of the

BROADWAY QUARTERLY, NUMBER ONE,

and riot feverishly in its luscious contents. Pomegranates simply fail to obtain lodgment within it.

Space is too valuable to expatiate freely on the wonders of the contents of this publication. Buy it and see for yourself. If you aren't satisfied, quit buying it; but we are not afraid of anything tragic like that occurring.

BROADWAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1123 Broadway, New York City.

PLUNK! PLUNK!

Which sounds rather musical, but isn't. Merely financial, and refers to two plunks, one being for

VOL. I. OF THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE;
(May, '98—September, '98.)

And the other plunk for

VOL. II. OF THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE.
(October, '98—March, '99.)

Come, lend us your shell-like ears while we discourse.

VOLUME ONE.
(May to September, 1898, inclusive.)

This volume—well, just to give you a small idea of how the public went, tooth and nail, for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE when it started, all we need say is that the first number (April) was sold out completely. After that we printed an abundance; it was a lesson and we took advantage of it. The numbers composing Volume I. just simply exude beauty. They reek with excellence. They wallow in splendiferousness. Why, the idea of Volume I. of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE almost makes us enthusiastic.

You may say in accents refined as possible: "Own your own dress suit!" but when it comes to owning anything, the possession of Volume I. of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE is a thing that o'ertops all other earthly riches. And the price is One Simple Plain American Dollar. Within the reach of all, practically. Show us the man who has never bought a copy of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE, and we'll show you a man who—but why kick him when he's down?

But lo, there are other pebbular pebs, on the shore. For instance—the only one we know, though—there is

VOLUME TWO.
(October, 1898, to March, 1899, inclusive.)

Ah, of course. Your first thought is that we have no words left to describe Volume II. of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE after letting ourselves loose on Volume I. But you're mistaken. Why, even if we contented ourselves giving the information that Volume II. of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE cost only One Simple Plain American Dollar like its co-frère, Volume I., that would be exciting enough. But we say more than that. We have more to say. Yes, we say that Volume II. of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE fills a void—one of those voids that ache like an almighty colic—and gives sweet rest and contentment to the artistic soul.

The pictures and photographs are original; the jokes, the verse, the humor of the contents of Volume II. of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE are little less than amazing to the most sophisticated magazine buyer.

And then the price of these two volumes!

As to that, did you ever hear the voice of a certain apple huckster up in Harlem who shouts: "A whole lot for ten cents! Oh, mummer, ain't they cheap!"

It's something like that with the BROADWAY MAGAZINE. Two Volumes, One Dollar Each.

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The Artistic Success of the Year...

The Illustrated American Magazine

The Stanlaws girl, as she appears in the Illustrated American Magazine.

May Number now ready.

Every issue has been utterly and absolutely different from anything else on the market, and has contained more artistic pictures than any other magazine published, not even excepting Century, Harper's or Scribner's.

Take the **May issue, for instance** (now for sale on the news-stands).

The front page by A. B. Wenzell is beautiful.

There are sixteen pages in color.

There are four inserts in color by Howard Cort, Hamilton King, Frank Hopkinson, and a full-page portrait of Rudyard Kipling. There is a full-page, in color, of the $30,000 Lawson Pink.

There are eight magnificent full pages of pictures of prominent American actresses printed in an entirely new color scheme.

There is a great story of the Cuban war, entitled: "The Hero of Moron," by Charles Edward Barns, and a number of short stories, all fully illustrated.

You can't possibly make a mistake by sending 25 cents in stamps or silver for a copy of the April issue. If you are near a news-stand, just glance through a copy. You will surely buy it. $3.00 a year. And for a limited period the publishers are offering, with each year's subscription, a fine hand-printed artist's proof of a Wenzell drawing, suitable for the wall of any room.

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We Want You to Send Us a Dollar.

When you come to think of it, this is rather a modest request, because in return for the dollar mentioned we will send you a good deal more than your money's worth.

Our Special Offer this month will be the BROADWAY MAGAZINE for one year, and in addition we will send you an artist's proof on wood-cut paper of a front-page design which will be suitable for framing. . . . .

This is a Special Offer, and holds good only on all subscriptions received up to the first of June, 1899. We have only a limited supply of these artists' proofs, and this offer is made simply so that we may swell our subscription list and get you into the habit of subscribing regularly to the BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

Just a word about artists' proofs. They are hand-pulled proofs on fine wood-cut paper from the original engraving; mounted on a plain piece of matting, with a small dainty frame; they make a handsome and an unusual bit of wall decoration. Publishers, as a rule, sell artists' proofs from fifty cents to $2.00, so that you can easily see you are getting a whole lot for your money.

Put the dollar in an envelope (money may be mailed with safety in 999 cases out of 1,000), and send it to this office at once, as we do not expect the supply will by any means meet the demand.

In order that you may be sure of getting this artist's proof, send your subscription direct to the

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months, beginning with the issue for....., and the artist's proof of front page, for which enclosed find.....

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Broadway Beauties.

Photograph by Schacht, Boston.

IDA CONQUEST.

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Broadway Beauties.

Photograph by Baker, Columbus, O.

BELLE HARPER.

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Broadway Beauties.

Photograph by Baker, Columbus, O.

BELLE HARPER.

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Broadway Beauties.

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

QUEENIE VASSAR.

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LEFT OVER.

HENNYPECK—This is the happiest day of my life.

ASKINS—How's that?

HENNYPECK—A burglar broke into the house last night and stole the handsomely lithographed box of Royal Cabbaga Leafa cigars that my wife had bought as a present for me last Christmas.

MARQUISE RING.

The most fashionable for the past two years, Turquoise, Ruby, Emerald, Opal or Sapphire centre; regular price, $4.50. Mailed to any address upon receipt of price, $1.00. These beautiful rings cannot be distinguished from those costing several hundred dollars. We are the sole importers in the United States. Send for catalogue. Goods warranted

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